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VOL LXI.

No. VII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

APRIL, 1896.

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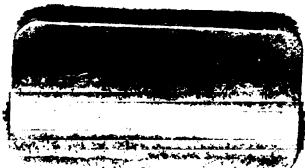
THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Sixty-First Volume with the number for October, 1895. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 15th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, with regard to the editorial management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.



THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXI.

APRIL, 1896.

No. 7

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '97.

CHARLES B. DECAMP.

CORNELIUS P. KITCHEL.

NATHAN A. SMITH.

CHARLES E. THOMAS.

FREDERICK TILNEY.

A SPRING TIDE HOMILY.

IT is somewhat the fashion, the Saint tells us, for him to ascend the pulpit every spring and deliver a homily on the value of college writing. Not that he expects to accomplish much by his discourse, nor is he always satisfied with the feeble utterance and halting style of his spokesman, as certain testy splutterings on the present occasion would seem to indicate. Still, it is something that ought to be done, and so let us come in for a moment from the warm, clear spring out-of-doors, with its multitudinous noise of robins and hurdy-gurdies, and give the old gentleman his say.

It has been often disputed whether the thing called college literature has any reasonable ground for being. During the period of its existence it has vacillated, as the dusty and forgotten volumes of the LIT. will show, between two extremes of purpose; the one, to hold the mirror up to college life, and the other, to produce articles of interest and merit as general literature. It need not be greatly wondered at if it has failed in the first instance, since it is particularly hard for college men to

write satisfactorily about college life ; they are much too near what they are writing about. One needs a certain distance to see an object in its true perspective and color effect. The artist who would paint a flower does not poke his nose into the petals. It is a canon of criticism that one can describe faithfully only what he has experienced in his own life ; it is no less true that he should wait until that experience is over before he begins to write. The old Wordsworthian phrase, "emotion recollected in tranquility" comes to mind. If undergraduate literature has failed in the other direction, that of producing something of permanent value, it is only what might have been expected. Compare it with the writing of the outside world, disallowing the plea of youth and inexperience, and the result is lamentable enough. It is absurd to suppose that boys could make a real or even partial success in literature, the subtlest and profoundest force in human life. An able writer, himself a striking proof of what the undergraduate can do in literature on occasion, once remarked in the pages of this magazine that after the college man had received competent criticism on his production and had gotten all the profit he could for himself, it would do no great harm if it were consigned to the flames instead of to the printer ; that, as literature, college writing is valueless.

While admitting both these charges of inefficiency, it is still possible to claim for it real worth and power in the college world. It would not be better to burn it than to print it. As bound up in the files of the Harvard and Columbia monthlies, the Nassau *Lit*, and, we speak humbly, St. Elihu's own venerable infant of sixty years, it is a very helpful and precious factor in the development and expression of undergraduate thought and feeling. Briefly stated, the purpose of the Yale *LIT* and of every other college literary paper should be to give expression to undergraduate idealism ; to convey to the little world of the campus the results of those hours of patient endeavor 'to think clearly and feel deeply,' to come close in touch with the master minds of the past, or perhaps to strike

out and depict life a little from the personal standpoint. Undergraduate idealism,—this is by no means the vague, up-in-the-air phrase it seems. Here at Yale it is but another name for the Yale spirit of “energetic earnestness,” which dominates every other phase of our life and should find expression in the field of letters as well. For a fitting portrayal of this spirit, the literary gift is needed and just here lies the value of the LIT, in trying to develop this literary gift.

From another point of view, college writing is by no means valueless; by it the undergraduate gets practice in composition and confidence in his own powers. The trouble with us is not the lack of something to say but the ability to say it. Oftentimes one seems fairly bubbling over with impressions which he feels are fine and true, yet when he tries to write them down, he finds that they have all ebbed away. The trouble comes, not in striking the blow, but in “getting into position.” And so this struggle and painstaking, this critical, honest scrutiny of every idea, this patient moulding and hammering of words till they run like ductile metal under the fingers and lend themselves to every shade and expression of our thought,—all this is worth the while, since by it alone can we get those most needful things, practice and judgment. If Stevenson could spend years and years in absolute slaving to get that wonderful power of expression which is a chief feature of his style, the college man need not despair of the value of his own faltering efforts.

There are a few things, however, against which the Saint feels called upon to raise a voice of protest, and the first is the tendency of the college writer to wander far afield in chase of every fad that lives its little day in the outside world of letters. Of course this is easily accounted for; our reading always soaks through into our writing, and well enough, since without the first we should do but little of the second. Why not be frank and acknowledge that we know nothing at all of ourselves, that it all comes from some one who sees and feels more than we? Going to school to the men and women who have made English

literature what it is and going to school to life, is surely no cause for shame. But in doing all this we should take care to say what we learn in our own way, and not servilely copy. The volumes of the *LIT.* afford some examples of worn-out and forgotten fads that crept into campus journalism like echoes from the literary strife outside. In the early numbers we get reminiscent lappings of the Byronic wave then running high; a little later it is Tennyson who dominates the boyish heart and fancy, and so on down through the years to Swinburne and Morris, the latest comers in the seat of influence. In so far as this resemblance has been unconscious assimilation it is allowable, even necessary, but where it has merely been conscious copying it has done harm. A man's originality is too precious a thing to tamper with—better a crude originality than a milk and water edition of some great writer.

Just now there is special need of warning to the college man to keep his writing clear and high and genuine. In general literature the tide of decadence, what Mr. Warner calls "the yellow school," has reached the flood, and there is danger lest it creep into college writing and spoil much that is best and truest there. The glory of a boy's writing is his hope, his optimism, the spring-time atmosphere that pervades his work, and he had best guard it carefully from this spirit of cynicism that is abroad. What a wretched thing this decadent spirit is, marring much that would otherwise be lovely, making its followers choose the brackish waters of shoddy pessimism and selfishness, and turn their backs upon that stream that flows by them all the while, from which they might draw, like the masters, draughts that have in them the glint of smiles and tears. Plunging into the mire of "acrobatic English" and "pig-sty ethics," decadence flaunts itself shamelessly amid the silent ruins of former beauty. Hawthorne and Thackeray and Eliot gaze down at Hardy and Meredith and Moore and wonder when truth and beauty will come again on the earth. The thing that undergraduate literature must do is to cease

apeing these follies of its elders and try to write as the best men have always written, out from the heart and simply.

It was a wise thing that Lafcadio Hearn said about Anatole France: "It is not because he has rare power to create original characters that he will live. It is because of his far rarer power to deal with what is older than any art, and withal more young and incomparably more precious; the beauty of what is beautiful in human emotion. And that writer who touches the springs of generous tears by some simple story of gratitude, of natural kindness, of gentle self-sacrifice, is surely most entitled to our love." Just here lies the greatest fault with college writing, the utter lack of sympathy that is so unconcernedly displayed. Sympathy is the most needful thing in literature,—to be called a "humanist" like Walter Pater should be the chief aim of every writer. Only when we get down to what we may call the "heart line" can we touch the eternal verities of life, love, sorrow and religion, those things that will always stir men's souls. Here lies the secret of the power of the great writers; of weak, sick Stevenson, who, even from his bed of pain, stretched out thin hands that sympathized with life and freedom; of the Polish Sienkiewicz, who wrote "through the course of a series of years and with no little toil, for the strengthening of hearts;" of Hawthorne, who from out the dim grayness of his soul yearned so ceaselessly for the sunshine he could not reach.

It is a far cry from such men to the humble devotees of college literature, yet the principle is precisely the same. Whatever of truth and beauty we are to gain must come from the same spirit of love and sympathy for all humanity that animated them. How to see and how to sympathize; that is the secret of how to write. Let us discern the humor and the pathos that lie so close about us, and then write about it feelingly. A tale of childish voices heard in dirty streets, or a small rag-a-muffin sprawling on the green from pure excess of life and happiness; of a woman's grief over the body of a dead ne'er-

do-well, or the look on a man's face when he lays down all for his friend: such things as these are worth more than all the picturesque word-phrasing in the world.

But now the good Saint pauses and nods off into a dreamy reverie. The springtime sermon is done and we may steal quietly out again into the sunshine, where we shall find the same robins, and maybe the same tunes galloping from the hurdy-gurdies. One last thought the drowsy patron leaves with us as we close the door, it is about the celebrated "LIT. style" before which contributors are supposed to bow themselves utterly. Of course there is really no such thing at all, for its very existence would destroy all the freshness and spontaneity we have been talking about. The only "LIT. style" to be acquired is a good style, and any good style is a "LIT. style." It may be boyish; why not, since we are only boys, but at any rate let it be frank and honest, energetic and earnest, with the dawn of manhood even in its boyishness.

Cornelius Porter Kitchel.

STORM.

In my ear there sounds the clangor
Of the sea's supernal wrath,
As it roars deep-throated anger
At the bounds that bar its path.
All its crested surges thunder
As they lash the smoking sand,
Till their black bands burst asunder
In a torrent on the land;
And the frowning cliffs that lower
In their pride, now shrink and cower,
As it bounds in wild exultance over crashing reef and bars,
Till its white hands tossed to heaven lay foam-fingers on the stars,
And the pallid moon and planets know its power!

Huntington Mason.

Junior Prize Oration.

NATHAN AYER SMYTH, New Haven, Conn.

THE DEMOCRATIC IDEA IN COLLEGE LIFE.

IT is no pessimist's fancy that sees in the various phases of our national life tendencies which threaten the existence of Democracy. The more clearly we realize that Democracy is not a mere machinery of government wound up by our fathers, but a vital principle drawing its life from the heroism and sacrifice of each succeeding generation; that it is not a demonstrated political maxim but an ideal of life, the goal of our national struggle and aspiration; the deeper becomes our sense of the dangers which beset it. On the political side of our life, bosses ruling for themselves and by themselves make mockery of Democracy. In industrial and social circles there is a gradual drawing apart of classes, a closing of the doors that used to lie open for the advancement of merit. That these tendencies are by no means passed by unheeded, is our reason for not losing heart. Because strong men everywhere are rising up to oppose them in the spirit of our fathers, we are justified in asserting with our poet-patriot that "Democracy is the fairest hope and promise of the world." But the battle can by no means be fought once for all. To-morrow the young man will have to gird himself to meet the same foe that his father wrestles with to-day. If he is to prevail he must be trained for the fight. Upon our colleges rests in large part the responsibility for this preparation. Only as the student is imbued with the spirit of true Democracy and made ready to stand firm, at whatever cost, against all that opposes his country's highest good, are the colleges fulfilling their duty to the nation.

It is the glory of our colleges that they are fulfilling this duty. Nowhere has the ideal of Democracy been so nearly realized as in the life of the undergraduate. Here,

to a far greater degree than in the world, a man stands for what he is worth. A free and hearty good-fellowship has broken all barriers down between rich and poor. The spirit of Democracy has been kept pure; but it has been at the cost of devotion and sacrifice. The institutions and traditions which give it permanency and strength have not been built without a struggle. Nor can they be maintained in their integrity without equal or even greater effort. Evils routed before are ever returning under new forms and with renewed strength. The student who has caught anything of the spirit of his college and realizes the responsibility of preserving true Democracy within college walls, will be alert and eager to stamp out the first traces of corruption. Cynicism and pessimism are rightly repulsive to the vigorous student mind; but a spirit of fearless, searching criticism must be encouraged, if we are to keep our life free from taint.

The chief difficulty which the student has to meet is that the evils creep in under cover of a good. It is mainly in connection with our society system that Democracy is threatened. Pocket books and family trees are held in light esteem by the student body, and their direct influence is little to be feared. New dormitories may rise where brick rows once stood, but the old fellow-feeling yields not to such changes. Snobs may now and then pass through our ranks, yet no snobbery can prevail against the opprobrium in which it is held. But silent influences that follow on society life are stealthily working the harm which could be wrought in no such open ways. The danger is enhanced by the very jealousy with which we rightly guard the honor of our societies. For an attack upon any evils incidental to them is quickly construed and resented as an attack on the system itself. Nowhere is this more true than in our own college. Our system of class societies has exercised an influence hard to overestimate in strengthening and purifying that Yale spirit which we count the most precious influence that enters our college life. It is a system far in advance of that practiced in many other colleges—where the student's social

standing, friends and influence are largely dependent upon fraternity elections held during the first few weeks of the college course. One almost hesitates to speak in criticism of any evils connected with our societies from fear that he may seem to be unmindful of the great credit due them. To give them the praise they so well deserve, were surely a far more pleasant task. And yet, if they are to continue to be a power in the upbuilding of Yale life, they must not rest satisfied with victories won. New paths of duty lie before them and new perils block the way.

The source of much of the evil that exists in our social life is the too high esteem in which the societies are held. The student body subjects itself to their control to such a degree that the spirit of Democracy rises in revolt. That the societies use their influence as far as possible for right ends is much to their credit; it is for us no justification for the surrender of our individuality. For no inferior good can we afford to sacrifice the spirit of sturdy self-reliance so essential to any true Democracy. The society member is becoming too much a hero among us. The desire to become society men ourselves is so great that we are sacrificing to it higher ends and principles. Freedom of speech and act is threatened by a subtle system of wire-pulling and toadying. The aspirant for social honors is so continually haunted by the fear of being "queered," that he can neither act nor speak without first considering whether he is endangering his chances for election. And the man without such aspiration, who yet would have his word to say with regard to college affairs, too often finds his opinions passed heedlessly by in the wild rush of his classmates for society recognition. We are losing the spirit of manhood in so far as we allow this tendency to prevail. It is less the fault of the societies than our own. The societies, indeed, have recognized the danger and are fighting it. They are doing what they can to discountenance those grosser forms of toadying which we of the college stigmatize in the term "boot-licking." And yet, as long as we continue to rank society recognition first among college honors; as long as so many of us have no

higher aim in college life than to make a Senior Society ; a spirit of fear and submission will dominate not only individuals but the community as a whole.

There is still another way in which our social life seriously violates the principles of Democracy. The burden of this charge rests not on the college as a whole nor upon any individuals, but on the society system itself. It would be manifestly undemocratic that the men chosen to the Sophomore societies shortly after Christmas of Freshman year should by that election be practically assured of a position in the much coveted societies of Senior year. Yet that there is ground for believing this to be true, is the reasonable inference from the experience of the past and from the widespread prevalence of the opinion that to "make" a Senior society, a Sophomore society man needs the added recommendation of only mediocre social qualifications, while the outsider must have shown especial ability in literary or athletic lines or gained exceptional popularity among his classmates. This belief is strengthened by the fact that the Sophomore societies, in canvassing for members from the Freshman class, use the argument,—sometimes openly, more often covertly but in a way no less cogent,—that they have secured more influence in the Senior societies than their rivals. Once such influence gained, it would be but human that the Senior society members should show a preference for their friends of the Sophomore society to which they themselves still owe allegiance. Even if this preference should be overcome, and the forty-five most prominent men were chosen impartially, there could be no assurance that the choice would rest on an entirely Democratic basis. For the fifty-one men elected by the Sophomore societies from the Freshman class are by that election immediately raised to a position of social prominence. To them are given all the great opportunities which result from friendship with prominent upper-classmen and a closely organized body of friends in their own class. Meanwhile the man who has been left out in the choice of Freshman year finds the odds against him. Even if he

succeeds in developing his qualifications he remains comparatively unnoticed; for all eyes are centered on the Sophomore society men. Such conditions necessarily push the latter to the front. It requires but little effort on their own part to find themselves raised to positions of social recognition, of honor and power. They are looked up to as the leaders of their class. Almost all the class offices come under their control. The German and Promenade committees are composed largely of Sophomore society men. Occasionally a class rebels and one or two outsiders are elected. But the next year the whole committee is perhaps captured by one Sophomore society. The Junior society campaign committees, positions of no inconsiderable honor and power, are at present so equitably divided that in each society the committee consists of one man apiece from the three Sophomore societies. When such coincidences occur is it to be wondered at that the aspirant for Junior society likes to be known as the friend of Sophomore society men? Again, when an athletic manager is to be chosen the members of each Sophomore society select one of their number, not of necessity the most able, but the one who it is thought will draw the most votes; and then have him nominated by some prominent upper-classman. Unorganized opposition to such a nomination is useless. To be sure, men of ability are usually chosen; yet an outsider, no matter how preëminent his qualifications, is practically shut off from these offices: and these offices are stepping stones to Senior societies.

Any one who realizes that this description is in the main correct, cannot fail to see that our social life is still far from the perfection which Democracy demands. The pleasures and opportunities which the society member enjoys, not only in college but in after life, are bestowed much too largely in accordance with a selection made during the second term of Freshman year. Such a selection cannot help resting on an unfair basis. * Old preparatory school friendships exercise a powerful influence. The student who comes to college without friends or reputa-

tion, who begins his life quietly and unostentatiously, too frequently finds himself severely handicapped in the race for Senior honors. It is true, and it is a fact of which we are justly proud, that in every class there is a considerable number of men who, without "pull" of any kind, force their way to the front by dint of superior ability and worth; but their path is fraught with difficulties far more serious than any the Sophomore society man has to meet. The fault is not that unworthy men are chosen, but that the competition is not free and open. Opportunities come to one man that another has not, and the rewards which the student body is entrusted to bestow are, from the start, put beyond the reach of many who might deserve them.

The evil is a serious one and we gain nothing by underestimating it. It is difficult to see how it can be remedied while the Sophomore societies continue in their present form. The whole conception of the Sophomore society, involving the selection and setting apart from the rest of their class, during Freshman year, of a limited number of men to receive especial privileges and opportunities, is essentially undemocratic. The benefit which the members receive is undoubtedly great; it is overbalanced by the harm done the college. For the Sophomore societies to be given up, would involve great sacrifice; but the time seems near when the Yale spirit will demand it. Rid of the Sophomore society, our system if rightly managed would be well-nigh perfect. But the first duty that faces us is to break the bonds of silence which still oppress us. He who has opinions should dare to speak them out. The societies, if they embody the Yale spirit as they proudly boast, will encourage all frank and manly criticism. For when we can once see clearly where the faults are in our life, the victory will be two-thirds won. It is our nature here at Yale, when we see an evil to stamp it out. We may be slow to see but we are quick to act. As long as this spirit prevails no one need fear that Democracy at Yale is dying out.

BOOK AND COOK.

SAMUEL JOHNSON rejoiced in the name of the great Lexicographer. That is why he chose to live in an atmosphere of books; and that is indirectly the means of his having gained a good wife for himself. He chose to live in Tours, and he gave high wages to the best cook in the department of Chèr et Loire. Her name was Bertin—Eugénie Bertin.

Eugénie Bertin cooked divinely—deliciously. This was Samuel's reason for employing her, because next to his love for books (and this was partly affectation) he worshipped the little culinary gods. But besides the Bertin's consummate art in the kitchen, she seemed to have born in her the instincts of a first class librarian. She could dust anything from tiny Elzevirs to the elephant-folioed Audubon, with exquisite niceness; she could polish old bindings with the white of an egg till they mirrored again; she could even tell what books were valuable and what were not—but that comes later.

One day Samuel or the Lexicographer (at times he thought of himself thus) went to Paris, to search the whole length of the Quay Voltaire for tomes of rarity. It was one of those sticky spring days when that particular quarter of Paris swarms with noted bibliophiles. They seem to come at just such times like a flight of birds and everything that is worth having goes down before them. Samuel felt that he was vying with clever people, and trembled under his green umbrella with the excitement of contention. It is just a great big game in which the man that can look through the most volumes in a given time wins. But there are exceptions. Samuel was to be an exception. With hating eyes he had seen two white-haired men make finds and go half wild with joy. And then came his turn. In a volume of tracts he found an original quarto of Molière's "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*!"

He subdued his countenance, paid a franc for the book, hailed a cab, half fainted for very ecstasy, ate an

expensive dinner, smoked a cigar, went to the "Français," drank too much champagne at a café, slept soundly, and took the nine o'clock train for Tours.

Arrived at home, he spent some hours in placing the little pamphlet to his taste, then having been fed as only Eugénie could feed him he again went to bed, and slept happily.

Now in Tours, close by the Tower Charlemagne, there lived one "Leviticus," a dealer in "livres précieux." It was Samuel's custom to go to this man daily, at eleven A. M. and discuss leading questions in the bibliographical world. But on the morning after his return from Paris he departed from precedent and went at eight. On approaching Leviticus' boutique he was somewhat surprised to see a lady, deeply veiled, issue from the shop. He stood aside as she passed, and noticing her closely, was struck with something peculiar about her poise.

"Ah! Monsieur Leviticus," he said, having entered, "une patronne I see."

"Oui," said Leviticus, and Samuel noticed that he was somewhat distracted.

"I have a new book," said Samuel, "a first Molière."

"Has Monsieur it with him?" said Leviticus, and he leaned over the counter in a forced way.

"No," said the lexicographer. . . . "But what is that protruding from under your arm?"

"That," said Leviticus, flushing visibly, "is also a first Molière. I was reserving it as a surprise for Monsieur. It is the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme.'"

"Strange," said Samuel, "mine is too."

"Strange and disappointing," said Leviticus.

That morning conversation lagged, and Samuel was glad to say good-by, and go home to his collection. As he entered the study his glance fell, naturally, on the shelf where he had placed the new Molière the evening before. It was gone.

"My God!" shrieked the lexicographer. . . . "Eugénie!"

"What has happened, Monsieur?" said the cook.

"Where is the new book? It is gone," said Samuel, palpitating with rage and excitement.

"Monsieur does not suspect me?" said Eugénie, blushing hotly.

"I suspect no one; but the book is gone. Go now, I would think. But stay, this has been very sudden, we will have lunch half an hour earlier."

That lunch was a triumph, and the lexicographer rose from it, not with the feelings of one who had lost, but with those of one who has found.

"Eugénie, vous êtes bonne fille," said he.

Samuel found that he could not live happily without the first Molière, and so he purchased Leviticus' duplicate for a large sum. But that was not the end of his troubles; another book disappeared, and another. Eugénie jabbered herself black in the face with protestations of innocence; Samuel cursed deeply, and had his meals served earlier. Leviticus, in the privacy of his chamber, rubbed his sleek hands together, and sent out notices, to rich patrons, of rare books for sale.

One morning, by a strange coincidence, the lexicographer again encountered the veiled lady, as she passed out from Leviticus' shop. Intuition, which was but a small factor in Samuel's cosmos, told him that in some way, by hook or crook, the lady was connected with his recent disasters.

"I was born to have adventures," said the amiable Johnson. "Leviticus can go to the devil, and I will follow this person."

The young lady, with Samuel ambling twenty paces in the rear, hastened down the Rue Royal, scurried by the Hotel de L'Univers, darted up the Boulevard, ran around the corner of Rue des Guetteries, drew a latch key, and, opening the door of number 10, entered.

"God help me, it is Eugénie," said Samuel as the door closed behind him, five seconds later. . . . Samuel took a little while to compose himself and summoned the offending cook.

"Eugénie," said he with a mighty assumption of dignity, "where have you been?"

"With my father," said Eugénie.

"Monsieur Leviticus?" asked Samuel.

"Yes," said Eugénie.

"Why have I not been told this before?—I now know where my books have gone—first the Molière, then the others—damnation, Eugénie, you *are* a thief."

"Holy Virgin! it is so," said Eugénie. "But Monsieur, spare a poor girl. Never again will I offend."

"Leave my sight! I dismiss you!" said the now thoroughly enraged lexicographer, "and as for this Leviticus, he shall hang if the law permits."

"Monsieur," said Eugénie, "grant me a request I beseech you. Ere I leave this house suffer me to cook you one more dinner—the best possible."

Stomach and mind having wrestled a bout, stomach conquered, and Samuel said, with a wave of the hand:—

"Ca metegal. I grant your request."

As the dinner hour approached Rue des Guetteries began to exhale exquisite aromas of goose liver and chestnut stuffing. Samuel almost forgot his wrath and longed for the meal to be served.

The table was snowy and Eugénie wreathed in smiles. With the soup Samuel's last vestige of anger floated out at the window. One taste of the goose liver caused his heart to bound rapturously. A glass of Marsala tingled him all over. A mouthful of chestnut stuffing and he passed from the sixth into the seventh heaven. As the dessert crumbled on his tongue and melted against his palate, he had to close his eyes for pure joy.

"Eugénie," said he, beaming optically upon the cook, "We must never part. God made us for each other. I love you, pearl of cooks,—I adore you. We will sell the damnation books, and live on the land's fat."

So saying Samuel Johnson, flower of scholars, bibliophile, lexicographer, forsaking his mental calling, threw his arms about Eugénie Leviticus, and bent his scholastic knee to goose liver and chestnut stuffing.

Gouverneur Morris, Jr.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

STEVENSON has described one of his heroes as a man "lying in some twilit pre-existence, stretching forth his hands to many-colored, many-sounding life." This is the keynote to the works of Stevenson; in his own magic way he has told the secret of his soul; in the clear light of this one ray we penetrate into the darkness and depth of his nature, to find it brilliant with a wealth of fancy and imagination. In the rift of the forest's dark branches there lies the clear surface of a crystal pool. The mind of Stevenson arose away back in the dimly lighted land of Pre-existence, and, stretching as a golden bow to this common earth, brought with him its pristine colors. The many voices of that forgotten country are again awakened in us while we listen; we stretch forth our "lame hands" with him to touch the bright spirits once known so well.

The Samoans called him their "beloved Tusitala," a South Sea name for romancer. As a writer of Romance he was peculiarly fitted by the circumstances of his fate; he was driven hither and yon in a vain search for the priceless jewel of health, from the rugged coasts of Scotland, over the seas to sunny Samoa. He was a rover by nature, a lover of adventure, and carries us through his tales with a song and a swagger. He leads us into a new country of "Arabian Nights," the realm of children's fancies and men's desires, far more real a realm than that of diamonds and lamps of Aladdin; more fearful, sometimes, than that of Bluebeards and sabred knights. Yet this weird delight is not lacking, else we could not call him a romancer. He cries with joy at the creak of a swaying ship, or he holds us shivering in the night air to watch a duel in the garden. In the high cedars the wind moans, and through the long branches the moon's light creeps slowly to lighten the green moss, where two brothers clash and

clash again their swords for a life. We hear the snap, the cold steel glistens, the heart throbs come quick and muffled from the bare breasts of the fighters. We steal away in the pink of the early light, leaving beneath the branches a sword and a corpse. Here are no gruesome details; here is the intoxication of desperate chances, the dexterity of a fine art. Through all his stories there is a careless disregard for the taking of human life, but so thrilling are the narratives, and the murders so evidently prompted by honest utility, that we relish them as innocent diversion. They are so artistic that we lose ourselves in admiration.

Stevenson was too free, too much akin to the real life of men and women, too alive to the broadening influence of the clear blue sky and a bracing air, to call himself a bookman, or to write according to the convention or style of a school. His words live and act; they do not read. As Mr. James says, he is preëminently a man with a style, a style which does not "conceal the figure like a flowing mantle, but, like the athlete's skin" shows muscles strained for action, veins aglow with eagerness and life. He has the choice of a myriad of words, and juggling them in playfulness catches just the proper one to suit his fancy. They come from him as a part of his own life and burn with his own enthusiasm. To become a master of words was to him synonymous with life. "One thing," he says, "you can never make the Philistine understand, and that is that the business of life is mainly carried on by this difficult art of literature; and according to a man's proficiency in that art shall be the fullness of his intercourse with other men." That literature should separate itself from life means the destruction of the value of each. This is the source of Stevenson's versatility; he touched the experiences of men and women on all sides. He can tell of tin soldiers and laughing nursery days with childish simplicity; in a wink he becomes the romancer relating some weird story, such as "The Suicide Club." Then he is, at last, the prophet going deep into our hearts with his truthful vision, revealing to us depths that we thought were hidden from even our own eyes.

The morals of men Stevenson gladly left to those he considered his betters, but his message, if we please to call it such, will, nevertheless, sound clearly to the cheer of wearied humanity. He has stirred the world with a revival in the boyish belief in pleasure as an essential part of life. You cannot travel with him all the way to "Treasure Island," through that tropical land, and not bring forth gold from the long buried chest of dreams and fancies. He playfully, yet very much in earnest, calls the ability to choose a good cigar a requisite of knowledge, and commends the boy who breaks away from school to drink in the boundless inspiration of streams and trees. To live is more than to be educated. If, at times, in the enthusiasm of life, he oversteps the boundaries of convention, it is only to awaken us more fully to its evils.

Pleasure is the aim of all men, in some one of its varied forms. The old man may shake his head over the harmless errors of youth, but he keeps their memory as his most precious possession. He may warn his nephews, or his grandsons, in their happy career, but at the spring of his soul he envies their stout hearts, their glow of health and despises his own old frame comfortably stirring about in gown and slippers. The gentlemen of eighty will have as wild a dream of love as he did at twenty; he will awake expecting a day of as much pleasure as at eighteen. It will be of a different kind, but that is a mere matter of circumstance. This is a common bond, holding together old and young in one kinship.

We instinctively feel that Stevenson saw deep down into our life and loved all that pertains to human interest. It is just this which most distinguished him. Lying upon a tortuous couch, racked at times with physical agony, "he greeted life with a cheer;" never sure of a week's existence, he was undaunted in toil, ceaselessly active in the assurance that "to labor is better than to achieve, and that nothing is so disillusioning as attainment." To live, was to him more interesting than a novel, more enchanting than any fairy tale. The satisfaction which allows some to rest upon their past achievements, the discour-

agement of the stupid which forbids further progress, found no place in his philosophy. He cast off these things that draw so much strength from our ordinary life. He despised the narrow minds which would judge our efforts by their success. The joy of the contest is the main requisite, and he who fails shares this equally with him who succeeds. "To be called a faithful failure," he says, "may be the best that is in store for any of us;" but even such a reward is worth the strife. He despised, also, the halting calculations with which prudence restrains our desires and activities. How many gay hours the great Juggernaut steals from us, and what cheerless recompense he leaves!

Even in the presence of death, Stevenson put on the triple shield of courage, activity and hope, and the arrows of fear and discouragement fell from him harmless. He entered life with a zest and an earnestness, gaining from it all its wealth, and passing from it with a heart grown great with love of man, and a liberal education.

Life in itself, separate from its duties and obligations; the mere joy of living an active, pulsating existence; an experience to be gone through only once; the cruise of an endless voyage; other souls touching us on all sides, furnishing endless entertainment and diversion; constant opportunities to love,—these are the thoughts which crowd upon us in the life and works of Stevenson.

"O, unwearied feet, traveling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hill-top, and but a little way further against the sun descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness, for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor."

Hearing the voices of the twilit land of pre-existence, still stretching forth his hands to "many-colored, many-sounding life," he wished only to hear them more clearly under the blue of the South Sea sky.

" Under the wide and starry sky
Dig my grave, and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you gave for me:—
Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

George Lawrence Parker.



A WOODLAND MYSTERY.

Was it the autumn wind kissing my cheek,
Murmuring softly?
Was it the brooklet awaking from sleep,
Whispering coyly?
Or a leaf from its swaying support in the air
Falling beside me?
But the wind had ceased, and the brook's soft flow
Was ne'er more peaceful, and still, and slow.

Was there a face for a moment entrancing,
Peering in mine?
Eyes where the gayest of moods were a dancing,
Features divine.
Was the branch of the hazel moved lightly aside
As it passed away?
Question in vain, for nymphs are fleet,
And Pan guards, jealous, their safe retreat.

Charles Potter Hine.

"RISING MEN."

GAFFEY was dead and they waked him. He was certainly a rising man in the ward and the round Irish fashion of burial was to have its consummation at this last service to the friend of the high and low. The casket was uncovered in the best room; chairs were arranged in double row around the walls; a kitchen table was extended to carry the generous weight of food to sustain, and Usquebaugh to console the stricken friends. Among the many great floral decorations which his friends had sent in before noon, two had been judged especially appropriate, a pillow and an anchor, and these touching tributes accordingly were placed upon the lid at the head and feet of the politician's remains.

So proud indeed were the countless friends of Gaffey to do his name all final honors and most fittingly commemorate his taking off, that they thronged both parlors throughout the afternoon. If Gaffey had been accorded but a glimpse of them, he would have remarked (if only the pristine power of speech were likewise granted him,) "Koind frinds! it blows me heart! O cud moaist liken it to registration day. Oi cud."

The room was far from being empty when old Doolan entered. It was Thomas by the way he carried his years. The black frock that he wore, the well groomed antique hat in one hand, and large handkerchief in the other, all were substantial proofs that he came to sympathize with the bereaved family. With an air of properly controlled dignity he sank into the first vacant chair and placed his hat tenderly on the next one.

He covered his face for a moment, then with quivering lips stepped painfully to the side of the casket.

"Is it you Gaffey? and you so young! Did I think that me auld oies would iver see the loike? never! and you such a rising man!

Oi can't think Gaffey that it's true enough, I tell ye man I can't think. O' wake up Gaffey and spake to auld

Doolan, don't ye see man, me oies are weeping for ye? All the byes are here that 'ud give their loives to shake ye by the hand and call you 'Alderman Gaffey' which they was shure goin' to make ye. (Begob that's a foine pincushion; but what spalpun sint the fish-hook I'd loike to know?)

O! Gaffey, wont ye say a word to Doolan who's acking to hear your dear voice agin. He won't. No he's dead and Doolan wad loike to be wid him. It won't be long, Gaffey. It wont be long."

Doolan found his chair with difficulty, his face wearing an unvarying expression of woe. Finally he had so controlled his deep feeling as to think it safe to depart. He looked for his hat by the side of his chair, then under it. He lifted his chair and again looked under it, and under the next one. Then carefully about the floor and under the casket. "Where's me hat?" he asked in anxious whisper. "Where in hell is me hat" inquired Doolan louder. Gaffey's brother who had come in while Doolan was talking and who had remorselessly sat down upon the missing article now got up in haste, and found the deformed thing flattened in his chair. He produced it with a string of confused apologies.

"Is this your hat, Mr. Doolan?"

"Is this me hat? is this me hat? Damn well ye know it's me hat." And Doolan, lifting his right foot against the silk top, knocked it through the doorway into the hall where he followed immediately after, spat contemptuously, and walked bare-headed from the house.

Edw. C. Streeter.

NOTABILIA.

ONE of the pleasantest features of the recent LIT. banquet was the unveiling of the portrait of one of the magazine's venerable founders. All Yale men revere William M. Evarts, both for his own sake and for that of the college which he has done so much to honor; and it was with a due sense of thankfulness and appreciation that the incoming board received the picture and hung it in the place of honor in the sanctum. To all who see that fine strong face there will come a desire to think clearly and live nobly, as did he. The influence of this typical Yale man upon Yale men cannot but be beneficial both in their writing and their living.

St. Elihu received a letter the other day from another member of the first board of editors of the LIT., Mr. W. T. Scarborough of the class of '37, from which we give an extract. Apart from the gratifying interest of one of the oldest "LIT. men" which it displays, it has value for the college men of to-day as throwing some light on the history and customs of college life sixty years ago.

"I want to say one thing: the LIT. was not started by Tom, Dick or Harry, but by the class of 1837. It had been talked about for some time, when upon request I called a meeting of the class, ex-officio, or as the Bully of the class, and presided at the meeting. The starting was fully discussed and determined upon, and thereupon the editors were elected by ballot. The class was responsible for all that was done, and entitled to the honors of the LIT. in those years, as a whole.

Very truly yours,

W. T. SCARBOROUGH.

* * * *

With this number of the LIT. a new board takes control, and there are one or two things which they desire to impress upon the contributors. The policy of the boards last preceding has been to break down the barrier sup-

posed to exist between editor and contributor and get as closely in touch as possible with the men and their work. With this end in view the regular hours for consultation and criticism will be continued, with the introduction of such changes as may prove necessary from time to time. It is the earnest desire of the present board that contributors avail themselves of this opportunity, since much good will come in this way to the literary life of Yale. We are all placed here together to get as much good from these years as we can, and each can help the other if he will. As beginners together, let us work diligently, with good fellowship and earnestness and a real love of letters in our hearts.

* * * *

The LIT. office will be open on Monday evenings at seven o'clock, when the editors may be consulted and rejected manuscripts obtained. All articles accumulated during the course of the year, which are not called for by April twentieth, will be destroyed.

PORTFOLIO.

DEAN SWIFT—A LOWLAND VERSION.

Babes are born what parents mak' 'em,
 An' when I see puir bairnies born
 In sic a househol' sae forlorn,
 I wonder why God wadna tak' 'em.

FRANKLIN ATKINS LORD.

—M'ria's dat cranky dey ain' nobody kin tetch her, ain't she, 'Liz'beth?" and he turned hesitatingly toward the girl.

*A CONTRARY
 WOMAN.*

She sat on the edge of the porch, absently stripping of its new leaves a little spray of the creeper that clung to the post by her side.

The old man glanced furtively at the door, and lowered his voice.

"'Liz'beth?"

"Yes, daddy."

"Yo' heah what she say, 'Liz'beth?"

"Yes, daddy."

He looked at her in a troubled way, but said nothing for a while. The girl wound a long green tendril round and round her finger and then slowly unwound it. The morning sun striking through the vines cast light shadows that wavered to and fro on the porch floor. The old man moved uneasily.

"An' yo' kaint do 'thout him?" he asked doubtfully.

She looked up at him, and then went on twining the long tendril about her finger. A woman came to the door and looked out.

"Yo' bettuh hoe dat patch 'fo' hit's all burnt up," she said, and the old man glanced up, startled. "Hit needs it mighty bad."

"Yas'm," he answered meekly, "hit sho'ly do," and he went off slowly around the corner of the house.

Down in the potato-patch the sun beat fiercely on the rows of dark green leaves, under which the freshly-turned earth showed black and cool-looking against the hard white ground. The tall grass along the fence had faded out to a dingy yellow, with a glimpse of green beneath, and over on the other side of the patch the vines on the bean-poles drooped dejectedly.

The old man straightened up slowly at the end of a row and leaned back against the fence. "Yassuh," he said aloud, as he rubbed his sleeve across his shining forehead; "Yassuh, M'ria's de obstinates' woman ah knows on." He chopped vindictively at a small clod that had rolled down from a potato-hill.

"Des like a mule," he murmured. "Ef yo' whale um, dey boun' ter back, an' ef yo' want um to stan' still, dey kaint move fas' nuff."

The clod was chopped up by this time, but he continued to hack at the earth with a corner of his hoe.

"Ef ah say,"—he broke out suddenly, "—ez how 'Liz'beth could'n mah'ry dat Jim an' ah would'n low hit,—des sho's yo' bawn M'ria up'n say—."

He stopped suddenly, and the hoe dropped to the ground. He looked thoughtfully up at the cabin, where through the doorway he saw his wife's tall form, and shook his head.

"Ah ain' got de gumption," he said slowly, as he bent down to pick up the hoe. "Ah ain' got de gumption, dat's what hit teks fo' a woman." "An' ah ain't got none," he added as he went on along the next row.

When he came up to the cabin he stood hesitating a moment before the door, scraping the black earth from his hoe. From within came the sound of M'ria's angry voice, and his heart sank.

"Ah kaint do hit," he muttered to himself, and then as he glanced at the girl sitting listlessly on the porch, he turned suddenly and went in.

"Why'nt yo' bring dat gal up better?" he asked as he sat down inside the doorway and fanned himself with his hat.

The woman sniffed contemptuously, but he gripped his hat more tightly and went out.

"She's de lazies' good-fer-nuttin'es' gal ah eber see. Why ain' she got sumpin' fo' dinnah?"

M'ria faced him angrily, but he held the hat in front of his face and fanned vigorously. "Whah yo' gumption, niggah?" he whispered to himself; and then raised his voice:

"En yeah I been gittin' mos' roasted down in de patch an' she settin' on de po'ch wid a lot ob 'taters en not one on um skint!"

He got up and looked out at the girl.

"Yo' heah me!" he said threateningly. "Ah ain' gwine stan' no sech laziness heah!"—"Settin' dyah like a stick," he muttered as he sat down again, "des 'kase she kaint mah'ry a triflin' lazy niggah! Whaffo' she warn' mah'ry fo', anyhow? En me sittin' waitin' fo' mah dinnah!"

M'ria eyed him scornfully.

"Huh," she said, folding her arms defiantly, "Yo' kin des wait! What yo' know 'bout gals, heh?" "Ef she warn' mah'ry a fence-pos' yo' kaint stop hit, yo' miz'ible wuthless niggah, yo'!" But the old man had taken his hat and fled precipitately from the storm.

As he stood outside and pulled his hat down on his head, he looked at the girl and laughed shakily.

"Ah done walk roun' her fo' sho' ain' I, 'Liz'beth?"

She looked up and laughed back at him.

"Kin I marry de fence-pos', daddy?" she asked.

He frowned and shook his head solemnly.

"Nor suh! yo' kaint!" he chuckled. "Ah ain' gwine let yo'."

D. DE F. B.

—They looked strangely out of place among the Pennsylvania hills, this crowd of bright-shawled Russian women who were coming out of the Greek church at Number Four. So did the little church itself, painted in bizarre colors and lifting its green, three-branched Greek cross up against the great culm-heaps. But the young mission priest who followed his little congregation from the church did not feel this strangeness, although he himself was as much out of place as they. He loved his own earnest, half-mystical life, and the holy labor among his fellow countrymen so far from their own land. This day especially, as he said the Greek service, his heart was full and his lips trembling with the thought of the glory of God and his own blessed opportunity. For the simple-hearted Russian peasants loved the good father, and they came eagerly to hear the familiar offices of the church from him. And so, as he thought of the success of his work, the priest smiled upon the bare winter afternoon, and lifted his heavy face upward for a moment with a little prayer.

And yet there was a great deal left for him to do, thought the priest as he picked his way through the snow with flapping

skirts. No men were in his congregation that afternoon, and he did not fail long to guess the reason why. It was pay-day at the mines, and that meant the usual drunkenness and rioting, at the little village's miserable "hotel." Yes, as he drew near there came the sound of cursing and fighting, and the poor priest shuddered a little as he heard it. The awakening pained him,—aye, there did remain much to be done. But the father went straight on, pale and resolute, and pushed his way firmly into the center of the drunken and excited crowd. Those on the outskirts heard a yell of frenzy, and then a cry, "The priest! Stepan, it was the priest;" and they were swept away by the stampede of frightened men. Old Prokopovitz, the hotel-keeper, a wary man, came out and looked uneasily upon the scene of the fight.

As the paymaster went home that night he stumbled on something in the snow, under the shadow of the church cross. With his foot he turned it over. It was the good father, lying where they had thrown him, wrapped in his long priest's gown.

R. W. A., JR.

—Outside it is cold and rainy. You have just come in and stand reflecting, your coat off, and your hands in your pocket. It isn't time to go to bed; you won't profane the hour with study. What to do? You think of a little book that you bought yesterday, lying in your overcoat pocket. Its title is not important, it is not in vogue, nor was it ever recommended to you. However here it is and you stretch out before the fire to read it. Small leaves of creamy color—a trifle expensive—and rough crisp edges, very soothing to fingers stained with text-books. There isn't much on a page: two or three ideas set in a broad frame. The author has no issue at stake, no heroine to marry, no heathen to convert. He is a clean and agreeable man who has written his best thoughts. You read on, as you would read a letter from a dear one, expectant, not disappointed.

The pages were small and you have turned the last. You are vaguely conscious of a *finis*, as you nod your approval and dream into other things. You start with a jerk and kick off your slippers. By the sound it must be two o'clock. All conservatives are gone to bed. A few lights are burning in the

AN INFORMAL
GUEST.

lower stories of Vanderbilt, and one or two in the top of the Brick Row; save for them the Campus sleeps. You too, put your little book away, and join the majority.

F. A. L.

—Although it was early spring the day was unduly warm and enervating, and its effect was beginning to tell on old Thomas. He was very tired, for he had been
NO CHICKEN. beating carpets all the morning, and now as he stood gazing at the heavy Turkey rug before him, over which he had already spent so much time, it was plain that he would be very glad for any excuse to stop and rest. Just at that moment, the opportunity he was wanting presented itself. Mrs. Nelson, for whom he was working, came down the path towards him, and as he watched her approach his old eyes brightened and a broad grin spread over his face.

"Dats a mighty heavy carpet, Mrs. Nelson," he said, mopping his forehead with an old red handkerchief.

Mrs. Nelson smiled as she answered "Yes, Thomas, it is a very handsome rug."

"Yes'm."

Then after a pause "I'se done beat carpets fo' lots o' high toned folks, but I ain't nevah seen sich a heavy carpet befo'. Reckon yo' didn't git dat 'round hyah?"

"No, it came from Turkey, a long distance away."

"Wha' kind o' carpet yo' call it?"

"A Turkey rug."

"H'm—Turkey, sho' 'nough, 'taint no chicken." And chuckling at his own humor he resumed his work again, pausing every now and then, however, to repeat, "'Taint no chicken! No sah! 'Taint no chicken!"

E. B. K.

—The same winds that long ago made some of Horace's Odes, that inspired poor dead Du Maupassant's "Afloat," and at this very season lull to sleep our nabob
AN APOSTATE. tourists, were laden with the odors of figs and grapes ripening from the hot banks of the Red Sea, even to the Atlantic coast of Spain.

Such fragrance, when men are young, begets ideas and talk of lovely women; not real ones, ideal. And so it was that Cobb and Faulkner were closing a March afternoon at the

Narbo. Cobb was for the sweet souls that Keats died dreaming of and Pendennis, in his smaller way, addressed his boyish verses to. But Faulkner, passing through the Byronic stage, argued "Yes, Cobb, your beauty of the soul is a fine conception, grand to hear about, magnificent to see, but is it enough? No, our Goddess must be stately, handsome, *bien fait*. Can you imagine an Agnes Wickfield short and dumpy, or Lorna Doone with red hair? Why, even George Eliot, who, most of all, goes in for character,—which did she show you first, Romola's spotless soul or her imposing grace of body? Barbarous? Yes, perhaps, but the body is always an element. We may admire a woman with a birth-mark, and even revere a cripple, but do we climb mountains or swim seas for them, do we m——" "Hold on!" exclaimed Cobb rising angrily. As his feet struck the floor, the room shook and a photograph fluttered from its place on the wall, and fell face upward on the floor. Cobb turned to the window and drummed hard upon the glass, while Faulkner, crossing to where he stood, abandoned forever the ranks of Byron.

F. A. L.

—It was early May up in New England. The fragrant scent of the apple blossoms filled the air and the pastures were just becoming a vivid green. In the south lot 'Zeke Strong was planting beets in a prosaic way. But his thoughts were not upon his work, and the drills were not perfectly straight, for on the other side of the stone wall a yellow sun-bonnet, which 'Zeke was watching closely, was moving along the road. "Thet Mat Sharpe's a mighty fine gel," he was thinking, "guess I'll hev to see her home from meetin' nex' Sabbath;" and he resumed his planting beets in a slow methodical way, while the sun beat down with fervor on his back.

It was late September up in New England: 'Zeke was digging potatoes in the east lot. But he was perfectly conscious of a yellow sun-bonnet coming toward him through the orchard, and in his heedlessness spoiled several fine potatoes. "Yes, I guess I'll tell her," he thought, "n' then I kin see better what to do after thet." So he struck his heavy garden fork into the ground and went slowly to meet her.

A PROSAIC
IDYL.

"Oh Mat," he said after her shy "Good mornin' 'Zekil," "Father 's jes' sol' the old farm 'n' we 've got to leave town nex' Spring."

He was looking at her closely as he spoke, although he seemed to be intently studying his great muddy boots, and he noticed the old calico gown rise and fall quickly over her breast. Mattie looked off over the hill-side, ablaze with the flaming golden rod, and then her long lashes quivered and drooped.

"Oh 'Zekil," she whispered, "don't go away."

'Zeke took her hand in his own hard and cracked one, and leaving the potatoes to look after themselves the two strolled off through the orchard. When the Strong family moved away from town the next Spring 'Zeke did not go with them. He stayed and planted beets in a prosaic way.

H. W. H.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Faculties

of the Academic Department and of the Sheffield Scientific School gave their consent to the entering of the University Crew in the Henley Regatta. The student body, on March 6th, voted to enter the crew.

The Courant Banquet

was held at the New Haven House on Monday evening, March 2d. Loomis, '96, and Hollister, '96, were toastmasters. Munger, '97, spoke for the incoming board.

The Colorado Club

held its third annual banquet at Hotel Majestic on Monday, March 2d. L. M. Bass, '97, was toastmaster.

The Ninety-seven Lit. Board

met for organization on March 5th. Cornelius Porter Kitchel was elected chairman, and Nathan Ayer Smyth, financial editor for the ensuing year. The departments were assigned as follows: Notabilia, Kitchel; Editor's Table, DeCamp; Book Notices, Tilney; Portfolio, Smyth; Memorabilia, Thomas.

Sigma Xi

elections were as follows. From '96 S.:—A. B. Adams, E. K. Adams, C. L. Collins, R. W. Harrington, W. P. Healy, L. R. Hopton, A. C. Jackson, R. S. Kirby, E. M. T. Ryder, E. W. Sniffen, J. H. Tracy, C. H. Warren; from '96:—F. S. Havens, H. E. McDermott, W. C. Morgan; graduates:—G. W. Mixter, I. K. Phelps, B. W. McFarland, L. D. Bissell, J. P. Pierpont, S. Kimura, W. J. Gies.

The Cincinnati Club

held its third annual dinner at Heublein's, March 6th. N. B. Mallon, '96, was toastmaster.

The Indoor Games

of the Athletic Association were held in the Armory Saturday evening, March 7th. Yale won four first and seven second prizes. The class relay race was won by '98.

The Courant Board

organized for the ensuing year as follows: R. L. Munger, chairman; A. J. Judd, business manager.

The Yacht Club

elected the following officers: Commodore, Cochrane, '96 S.; vice-commodore, J. D. Sawyer, '96; rear-commodore, W. S. Hoyt, '96; secretary and treasurer, S. D. Babcock, '97; governing board, Benedict, '96, Lorillard, '97 S., Clark, '98, West, '96 S., R. Tytus, '97.

The Record Board

organized as follows: J. C. Sawyer, '97, chairman; C. W. Beers, '97 S., business manager.

The Buffalo Club

held its third annual banquet at Heublein's on March 14th. Gowans, '96, was toastmaster.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs

made a successful southern trip during the Easter recess. They gave concerts at Old Point Comfort, Washington, Wilmington, Morristown.

The Lit.

celebrated its sixtieth anniversary on Monday, March 23d, by a banquet at Heublein's. Dr. Phelps, '87, was toastmaster. The following toasts were given:

The Outgoing Board,	C. W. Wells, '96
	"Le Roi est mort."	
The Incoming Board,	C. P. Kitchel, '97
	"Vive le Roi!"	
Harvard,	Prof. Barrett Wendell
	"What news, good master Wendell?"	

—Heywood

Columbia, Prof. E. G. Carpenter
 "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise."

—Timothy Dwight

Consule Planco, Prof. Beers

"We had no football then, you know,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 No gore was shed, no ink was spilt."

—Ways of Yale

Princeton, Professor Bliss Perry

"Behold, I swear by sun and moon,
 And every star that blinks aboon,
 I've worn out twenty pairs of shoon,
 Juist ga'en to see you ;
 And every ither pair that's gone
 More ta'en I'm wid you."

—Burns

The Record

held its twenty-fourth annual banquet at Heublein's on March 30th. Fisher, '96, and Wadhams, '96, were toastmasters.

The Junior Exhibition

was held in Battell Chapel on Thursday, March 26th, at 3 P. M. The speakers and essays were: 1. W. D. Makepeace, "The Position of the Pilgrim's Progress in the History of English Literature and in the Development of English Religious Thought." 2. H. S. Coffin, "The Y. M. C. A. in Colleges." 3. C. U. Clark, "The Opening of Museums and Libraries on Sundays." 4. M. B. Faris, "Cuba." 5. W. G. Low, Jr., "The Meaning of the Triumph of Japan." 6. N. A. Smyth, "The Democratic Idea in College Life." 7. E. D. Fite, "The Meaning of the Triumph of Japan." 8. F. M. Burgess, "The Opening of Museums and Libraries on Sundays." The prize was awarded to Mr. Smyth.

The Junior Societies

gave out the following winter elections in the Junior Class:

Alpha Delta Phi: Boardman, C. U. Clark, Patterson.

Delta Kappa Epsilon: Lawrence, Pfingst, Tilney.

Psi Upsilon: Carle, Mosle, Winter.

Zeta Psi: W. Cook, M. Cooke, MacNeille.

BOOK NOTICES.

Trinity Verse. Edited by DeFoust Hicks, '96, and Henry Rutgers Rensen, '98. Hartford: The Case, Lockwood & Brainerd Co.

College rhymes have always a merit even if we don't dignify them with the term, poetry. This volume, which includes selections from the *Trinity Tablet* from 1868 to 1895, has few verses which do not smack of college life. Here you find scraps which have been written in the summer girl's album or upon her fan, verses ambitiously intended for *Life* or some outer-world paper, and verses written in imitation of genuine poetry.

The summer girl married another fellow, *Life* and the outer-world papers sent back the manuscripts marked "rejected"—and the imitations kept on taking themselves in and thinking they were genuine. Well, the *Trinity Tablet*, being conducted, as all good college magazines are, for love of literature and not for money, has published these same effusions just where they ought to be published and where the college man and his admiring friends may enjoy their buoyancy and humor, their delightful sparkle of college life.

Such verses as "The Marryin' of Danny Deever," "The Græco Trojan Game," "Past Prime," and "Where are the Snows?" deserve especial mention.

C. W. W.

A Lady of Quality. By Francis Hodgson Burnett. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Katherine! Katherine! you are outshrewed; here is a lady of quality would take your place. You may rant as you will, or dance bare-foot on the wedding day, still you seem a timid, retiring little person beside this stable-bred, brazen-mouthed blasphemer, the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Wildair. It was a commendable ambition in Mrs. Burnett to attempt the portrayal of this shrew, Clorinda, for we think, in an optimistic way, mayhap, that a model even nowadays would be difficult to find. Clorinda's mother had borne Sir Geoffrey eight children, the very sight of whom he despised because of their wizzen faces and principally because there was not a son among them. When our lady of quality made the ninth, the mother died, leaving her to the very tender fostering of the servants' hall and stable boys. "She played among the horses' heels," a charming playground for a miss of some five summers, and we could not help remarking: Oh! Fortunata, the luck of many horse-shoes go with you through life! As a matter of fact it did.

She made herself acquainted with her father at the age of six in a most unique manner, beating him about the legs with a riding whip and crying, "Damn thee! Damn thee! Damn thy soul to h—ll." So she went on singing stable songs, wearing breeches, top boots and a red hunting jacket; riding at a devil-may-care pace over hedges and ditches with a curse, a swagger and a bumper of ale at the end of the hunt. By some unhappy coincidence the story reaches its climax before it is three-quarters told, in

what is probably one of the strongest scenes in the book. A cousin of "my lady," one named Sir John Oxon, who plays the heavy villain, announces to her that "will she or nil she," he will make her his wife; whereat she curses him, cuts him across the temple with a loaded whip-lash, kills him, pushes him under a divan, curses him again and cries in raptures: "Gerald, Gerald, my love, I am free; I am thine!" Then the tale takes to rapid decline, going through much melo-dramatic sentimentality, tremulously passionate love scenes, while the nightingales sing in the rose trees; and working out the ultimate taming of the shrew by the one man before whom the soft fringes of her eyelids ever drooped.

All this is written in an affected style of the Queen Anne period, giving added artificiality to the dramatic scenes of the story. Back in those old English days there lies hidden many a fine bit of coloring. The story has none of this romantic color. It was not surprising, however, to find the modish ways in ladies' dress very accurately described. We look for delicacy and playfulness of fancy in a romance. The heroine may be a romp, if you will, or even a shrew, but the weight of a hair will turn the balance and she becomes coarse; the lady Clorinda has many pounds in the scale against her. All the other characters are strained and unnatural, passing through many melo-dramatic scenes that would set the hands of a vaudeville audience a-clapping with delight. We would look forward with pleasure to meeting many Lord Fauntleroy's, but these ladies of quality are not over-agreeable additions to a choice selection of acquaintances.

In the Village of Viger. By Duncan Campbell Scott. Boston: Copeland and Day. \$1.25.

The outskirts of the city where the car line stops and where abound the corner grocery stores of the sign of The One Horse have for some time been installed among our many literary scenes. The "Suburban Pastorals" tells us how throbs the life in spots that are neither city nor country and where the hurry and press of market-day world is flavored and toned by the fresh green country side. But on this little village of Viger rests a freer and even more pastoral atmosphere. It is rested among the hills of the sunny French vine-country, it is a sort of Arcadie set off from the rest of the world by a sea of summer field and rolling land. There comes to it the singing of gatherers home from the hill, neither hilarious nor jubilant, but the quiet rest-song. At sunset the blinds of the little shops are put up and with early dawn come down again. There is no busy hum but the drone of the locust at mid-day, there is no stirring, no crowding. Its people have their trials and passions, but they never run riot in them. They live in peacefulness and quiet, in the sober gray of every day: and indeed a great part of life's love, of its sorrow and joy goes in grays. When it is their wont to speak of neighbor towns they always say "over the hills and far away."

Perhaps the sweetest story told about Viger is the one of "The Little Milliner." It is written in the picturesque, flowing style that gives charm to the whole book. In the few short pages of the story there are volumes of pity and tenderness. There is a wistful look in the little milliner's sweet

face that comes from some unknown grief. She wears a quakerish dress and her ways are very modest. The village people question who she is and whence she came; their ungratified curiosity throws a veil of mystery about her. They question and gossip, they sneer and grow envious, but she only goes on making bonnets. Then she leaves them, we are told, to hide in some other place the shame brought on her by a criminal brother. The witty sallies of the garrulous town gossip relieve the pathos and we feel the same tenderness that comes with reading Hawthorne. But a still more interesting side of Viger life is shown in "No. 68 Rue Alfred de Musset." It is a very clever story and Eloise is a very clever girl. We are not told that she is beautiful, but when we see only her white dress in the dark hall-way we feel instinctively that above there are black eyes that dance and soft red cheeks. So we are taken through the delightful history of Viger; we are told how, by strategy, the old post-master won his love and how those keepers of little shops love and marry and grow old in their town. It is indeed a sweet place, and Viger, fair village of the hills, we are loath to leave thee. But some day soon again, with the book spread for a sail, we shall go back to Viger people and their simple ways.

The Black Riders and Other Lines. By Stephen Crane. Boston: Copeland & Day, \$1.00.

"What write you, my lord?" "Lines, lines, lines!" Confused thoughts, formless ideas, brawling struggles of mind that are lines, lines, lines! Poetry is not a convention, rhythm and metre are not fads that have worn themselves threadbare through many centuries to be now cast aside as old foggy ideas. If a man, be he Walt Whitman or Stephen Crane, forsakes music and metre in writing poetry, he is not breaking away from a staid, outworn convention, but himself establishing a fad as lasting as the latest style in opera bonnets. Above all, he is foregoing the opportunity of beautifying his thought, if he have aught to say. For this reason it is almost impossible to criticise the "Black Riders" as poetry, and presumably they were intended to fill that place in literature. They are rambling suggestions that give the impression of being instantaneously conceived and recorded ideas, mockish hints of something above and beyond. You cannot read them without experiencing the disagreeable sensation that the writer is posing and ever conscious of his own fadishness. They have not artistic form and are utterly without vestige of beauty. Oftentimes the thoughts are strong, but as Keats says:

"Strength alone though of the Muses born
Is like a fallen angel: trees upturn,
Darkness, and worms, and shrouds and sepulchres
Delight it."

We could forego much of the strength for a few bits of sweet singing, for some little spontaneity, for an occasional hint of true poetic feeling.

Though the thoughts are suggestive, they are neither remarkable nor startling. Mr. Crane probably very accurately described his own emotions when he said :

"Many red devils ran from my heart
And out upon the page, they were tiny
And the pen could mash them."

It is indeed strange how much havoc little red devils can make if left to their own devices. The world will wear a very sorry face when once you have read the "Black Riders," it will wear it though only for a few moments, until you can get back into fresh, clear air. And when you have finished you say, "Some gnarled old pessimist giving vent to unaired opinions"! But therein you will be much deceived, for the writer is still a very young man, though well along in thinking ill of the ways of men and all the world beside. This certainly is his spirit when he says :

"There is nothing save opinion,
And opinion be damned !"

In sending such condemnatory phrases broadcast it is well, perhaps, that some take berth as opinion ; but then, as has been remarked, opinion is one of the best things we have, and where would we be if it were thus consigned to damnation with such off-handed ease ?

Like some of its own lines "The Black Riders" has been roaming after something it could not attain.

"I saw a man pursuing the horizon,
Round and round they sped. I was
Disturbed at this. I accosted the man.
'It is futile,' I said, 'you can never—'
'You lie !' he cried, and ran on."

We hope sincerely that the friend of this good man did make trespass on the truth, but we also feel assured that Mr. Crane, in all these numerous lines, has not reached any great or high ideal. In reading the book we were strongly reminded of some old lines recently discovered :

"I saw a maid drinking milk.
It was white, very white.
I said within myself : blood is
Thicker than water, but sack is
Better than blood, therefore, henceforward
I'll drink naught but the best of Gascon wine."

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. New York : D. Appleton & Co., \$1.00.

Stephen Crane has proved one thing,—that a maker of unspeakable decadent verse can write a war story that sets the slowest blood a-tingling with memory or longing. The "Red Badge of Courage" is an epic of modern warfare stripped of its false heroic, grim and prosaic. Most of our famous descriptions of battle are written from the standpoint of general or historian ; in this we see war through the eyes of a common soldier, one of

the pawns on the great chess-board of history. We live with him through the first enthusiasm of enlistment, through the dreary months of waiting, and with him we feel the hot flames of war's testing, from which he shrinks at first in self-distrust, until a nobler enthusiasm lifts him to heroism. He has won his red badge of courage; he has become a veteran. There we leave him. Henceforth war is easy and prosaic, a part of everyday life.

The book has one virtue—vividness; that far outweighs its faults. It is undeniably crude—so is war. It lacks perspective—so does battle. It has the unavoidable fault of all descriptive writing, *length*, taking an hour to tell about that mad, indescribable five minutes of contact with the enemy. We are wearied with detail which yet is necessary. Mr. Crane, like all others who have essayed such description, is a showman of battle, not a painter of battle pictures, however much he may revel in highly-colored descriptions.

In truth, the book is a fanfare in scarlet. "Crimson blotches" appear on every page until the optic nerve fairly protests. The red brush is shattered indiscriminately. By the way, we hope that Mr. Crane will tell us sometime what a "crimson roar" is and his reason for promoting the useful but modest word "too" to an irritating prominence at the beginning of his sentences. As a vivid study of the motives and feelings of a common soldier, the book deserves all praise. Too, it is both interesting and American, rare virtues nowadays.

W. D. M.

The Captured Cunarder. By William Rideling. Boston: Copeland & Day. 75c.

"Felix O'Grady, mariner, aged thirty-four, captain of the screw steamer Rosario," Quinn Domenick with the elongated upper lip, and we suspect with a very evil eye,—and Maggie Burk of New York, are no doubt a very choice and elevated company. They are also very patriotic and willing to blow up both houses of Parliament and to sweep the Atlantic for the love of Old Ireland; their patriotism however, is of the red-flag and street procession sort, and we tremble for the Green Isle enjoying the freedom which King O'Grady might bring. He would surely dress his officers in red and at every street corner would place bombs of dynamite for the protection of individual rights, but mainly for the murder of peaceful Englishmen.

The idea of the Captured Cunarder is certainly unique. That a little brig bound for South America with seven cannon on board commanded by an ignorant Irishman should waylay the majestic Cunarder "Grampania," throw its crew and officers into chains and then in true pirate fashion interrupt the great ships of England and America, is a modern way of relating a thrilling sea-tale. Truly before the ingenuity of Mr. Rideling, Sinbad the Sailor, Stories of the Vikings and the Arabian nights must all yield their delightful extravagance. But where is the thrill and the extravagance of this story? We have done our best, have pictured the rolling sea, the mighty Grampania brilliantly outwitted, have even sung "Yo heave-ho" and "Down with the English" as we tried to imagine ourselves clambering victoriously into the rigging of the great ship, but all to no effect. All our effort availed not to lift us from the monotony of the book, nor could our

thrilling tunes drown the sing-song of the sleepy rocking chair. Piracy, it should be remembered, must be blood curdling and swagger around without regard to facts; above all it must not be prosy. But in the *Captured Cunarder* there isn't even a respectable murder and the transportation of sailors from ship to ship is as prosaic as the loading of a drudge boat. And what becomes of all the mighty plans of O'Grady and Co.? The only possible thing—they are brushed away by the sharp wit of one good common sense sea-captain and poor Felix and Maggie Burk turn up in South America in ordinary married bliss. O, dear, O dear, what a tragic ending to this delightful piracy tale! The next time Mr. Rideling writes a story he must read some of his old boyish books and find out what has made them classic, or he must read Stevenson's "Wrecker" if he would know how to talk of real sure enough pirates.

You are really good fellows Felix and Quinn, but much better as New York policemen than jolly pirates. So we fire our salute and wish you success in your new job, and, all joy to your country, happily rid of your unlawful efforts to rescue her from misery.

G. L. P.

The Failure of Sibyl Fletcher. By Adelaide Sergeant. Philadelphia: Lipincott, 50c.

If all the failures in the world were like Sibyl's, we, every one of us, would pack up our luggage, our broken backed chairs, our odds and ends and post off to the Land of the Lack of Success. In *Sibyl Fletcher's* story we are just given a glimpse of the artist's life in London, not of the very great, but those who cling about the outskirts of fame and those who would keep them back, namely, the critics. Sibyl's lover is a critic and just, as critics go—just enough to jilt her and almost be the breaking of her heart. Sibyl herself is a modest Bohemian, very sweet and retiring, with sufficient talent to have a painting walled at the exhibition,—hung very high to be sure. When her heart was like to break, as we thought, she goes to the little village of Ashdale and there her romance begins. A rough, handsome countryman, the keeper of some wondrous caves, sees her and loves her. His devotion makes a very pretty story; together they go into the fields, she to paint, he to stay near her like a faithful dog. He takes her through his caves; he holds her in his arms over a deep abyss, swearing to throw them both down if she does not promise to be his wife. She, in fear, pledges herself to him, little thinking how soon she will come to love him. He is no villain, this Michael Drake, but a man carried away by the strength of his passion, and, as the book would have it, carried away at exactly the right time. His penance for this forcibly extracted promise is excellently done, and as he becomes more loud in self-condemnation Sibyl grows to admire and love him. The characters of Michael and Sibyl are well drawn. The gradual change which comes into their lives is finely portrayed; she turning from the fastidious, disappointed artist to the tender, lovable woman and he from the impetuous rustic to the quiet, thoughtful man. There is a pastoral air about the story that gives it color and brightness, and Sibyl seems to breathe it, and is filled with much the same gentle spirit as was Tess's in her dairy days. If the book has any great fault it is the important part these remarkable caves play in the story. They are a sort of touch-stone or

talisman before which the villain cringes, is subdued and reformed; the heroine succumbs from sheer fear of them and when happiness falls to the lot of all concerned, they are sealed up forever-more. Still the story is very delightful as well as an excellent piece of work.

The Comedy of Cecilia; or, An Honorable Man. By Caroline Fothergill. New York: Macmillan. \$1.25.

This comedy of Cecilia's life, we are inclined to think, has much of the tragic element. Yet after a more prolonged meditating it is difficult to decide whether it was intended for a comedy, a tragedy or a farce. The comic side has, however, been well suppressed, or perhaps accidentally omitted. To take a rather sweet girl with a fairly well-developed intellect,—for a woman,—and send her through a most prosaic life, to fill her young heart with pessimism and harden her tender feelings, to make her marry simply that she may come into an heirloom of some twenty thousand pounds and marry a man whom she despises, surely that is an inspiration drawn from the tragic muse. Still again, the tragedy is not heart-rending; the tears it calls forth are neither copious nor yet moist. And having gone through an uneventful and disconnected story which brings us to no definite conclusion we are prone to say "farce," if such a thing can exist without a respectable semblance of mirth. Americans are noted for their quick-wittedness but oftentimes we are not keen enough to remark the subtlety and beauty of English wit. We have been in company when a bit of humor has gone its round. We have heard gentlemen cry "delightful, delightful, charming you know!" and slap their knee till their monocles fell off and their hearts fairly bubbled over with exuberance of mirth; for propriety's sake we have given vent to a desultory pipe and tried to look amused. Whatever of humor there was in Cecilia's story we read and said in a fatalistic way, "It was to be," and passed on ashamed that our facial muscles could not be induced to give expression to a single smile. There is little of interest in the story; there is no color or life. It simply plods along in an English way without enlisting our sympathy or stimulating our imagination. Perhaps this is the natural consequence of reading about very phlegmatic, ordinary people. They are extremely exclusive in their acquaintances, very narrow of mind, they eat three or four meals a day with staid regularity, they peruse the daily news and then lay them down to pleasant dreams of the town office and the bank account. The final scene of the story gives the gist of the plot. Cecilia's newly-made husband says to her: "And you have married me, you have acknowledged that it was best for you." "I did not want to marry you—I did not like you," she said, and then with ideal calmness informs him that for the rest of their wedded life, be it long or short, she will do whatsoever pleases her fancy. "But if I assert my authority, what then?" "What then!" she replied; "Why then—then—then can't you guess?" Aye, we have an inkling of her meaning and say again, comedy, tragedy or farce—*quien sabe?*

TO BE REVIEWED.

Hills of Song. By Clinton Scollard. Copeland & Day. Boston. \$1.00.

The Road to Costerly. By Alice Brown. Copeland & Day. Boston. \$1.00.

BOOK RECEIVED.

Plutus of Aristophanes. Nicholson. Ginn & Co. Boston. \$1.00,

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is with deep contrition we confess to having stopped in the past winter to admire some purple-hued violets in a shop (must we add, 'though friends cry out incredulously, that we purchased them?). What of beauty we saw in these unseasonable impostors it is difficult now to say; perhaps there was a vague loyalty to a name. For they were not *violets*—great bare-faced blooms emanating a perfume as obtrusive as an August rose. Oh, August roses are all very well, but then one expects perfume of them. 'Twould be like beauty with good wit for a rose to have no scent. That is why we can't quite admire the scarlet peonies. They seem deformed.

But it is different with violets. That is, the bits of pale blue shrinking beside the wet stone and looking down at the dead matted leaves as though overwhelmed by the thought that anything could grow old; as yet unconscious of their own young beauty. A beauty that wants no perfume: at most a suggestion of the overflowing loveliness which the eyes can not all enjoy. It must be something inexpressible like the artlessness that adorns young girlhood. But what of young girlhood redolent of *eau-de-cologne* and (*horrible visu!*) hair that should blow about the face done back in a "Psyche" knot? These are your winter violets.

All hail the violets of spring! Humbled, we proffer our allegiance.

Which observations are very nice and "springy," and were no doubt fomented by a little hot sunshine and weighty winter clothes. Not at all. For the past fifteen minutes I have been twirling a limp pale-streaked flower that

". . . She
Whose old-world name is Dorothy"

let fall in startled flight upon our intrusion. I may not follow, for am I not here to make a bow? Bows are stupid—let it pass. The Saint and I have a twelvemonth to become acquainted.

Dorothy is looking back, "the April in her eyes," and do I not see the lips frame *bon voyage*? Ah, well, timidity will wear and she will come again. Till then—I raise the violet to salute—let us know the inspiration of her eyes.

D.

We select—

A SONG OF THE SEA.

When the sky is gray and dark
All the dreary winter day,
And the changing shapes of mist
Wander silently away
Past the moors, and turn and twist
Through the valleys, through the gray
Darkness shoreward on the bay,
Then the stern wind of the evening,
From the ice-bound boughs by the sea,
From the willows along the marshes,
Thrills a mournful melody.

And the boom on the rocks of the breakers,
Which the vast lone ocean brings—
With a roar in the vanishing twilight—
Keeps time to the harper's strings.

There's a wild joy in the voice of the sea
When he sings of the winter weather,
Of the ships they have cast on the rocky coast,
He and the wind together ;
Of struggling forms in the darkness
They have carried far out in the deep,
Where the wind made them a cradle
And the sea sang them to sleep.

Asleep, asleep,
A thousand fathoms deep,
In a palace of pearl
My watch I keep,
Where their white forms sleep.
And around I furl
A robe of velvet sheen
That is curiously wrought
And woven by me
Of mosses and sea-weed green.
And I deck their hair
With my jewels rare ;
And over their slumbering
I kneel down in the deep,
And with the touch of my icy hands
Soothe their weary spirits asleep.

It's a mournful vigil the two old friends
Keep to-night on the shore,
And a mournful song they sing the while
And the long white breakers roar.
There's a fiercer tone in the song of the sea,
In the music a sterner swell,
When faintly over the waters
Comes the sound of the harbor bell.

And they hasten forth from their caverns of mist,
And out through the gloom afar,
They gather the ships and hurry them in
To wreck on the rocky bar.

While skies are gray and dark
On the dreary winter day,
And the changing shapes of mist
Wander silently away
Past the moors, and turn and twist
Through the valleys, through the gray
Darkness shoreward on the bay.

—*Nassau Lit.*

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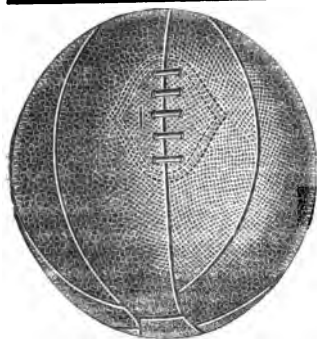
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HENRY ROMEIKE.

To the editor of *The Tribune*.

139 Fifth Ave.

New York, August 16, 1895.

Sir: For two months past I have kept tally how many newspaper articles interesting to my 4,000 subscribers appear week by week in the New York dailies. I have a system of checking reprints, and send only live and original news to my clients, who receive either articles referring to themselves or any other matter.

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Yours truly,

HENRY ROMEIKE.

WEEK ENDING

Paper.	June 10.	June 17.	June 24.	July 1.	July 8.	July 15.	July 22.	July 29.	Aug. 5.	Aug. 12.	Totals.
Tribune	585	555	480	528	581	545	582	542	477	477	5,252
Times	498	473	412	410	373	391	491	394	303	399	4,204
World	505	421	405	361	329	270	270	276	285	335	3,457
Herald	303	302	272	234	267	254	297	237	208	274	2,738
Sun	397	400	391	365	340	348	348	330	353	339	3,611
Recorder.....	309	314	272	295	251	266	272	218	254	255	2,706
Press	253	230	147	171	206	216	224	278	260	237	2,222
Mercury	157	198	164	170	172	195	180	182	146	180	1,744
Journal	325	387	337	317	264	203	229	247	257	257	2,823
Daily News	188	173	134	185	144	134	148	134	129	139	1,508
Morning Advertiser	302	288	265	204	298	249	233	251	238	204	2,532
Com. Advertiser....	280	315	237	273	267	264	283	253	281	302	2,755
Staats Zeitung	106	129	134	116	101	103	110	102	84	87	1,072
Mail and Express..	483	462	365	343	318	351	368	357	325	321	3,693
Telegram	110	119	111	125	92	99	99	92	110	103	1,060
Evening Post.....	236	296	273	251	197	241	239	186	220	225	2,364
Evening Sun	109	94	100	114	86	108	71	90	94	88	954
Evening World....	134	168	120	125	112	96	146	100	141	146	1,288

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